The Pennant

FEBRUARY, 1908

Virginia Institute
Bristol, Virginia

THE PENNANT

Published by the STUDENTS OF VIRGINIA INSTITUTE
Bristol, Virginia

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

EDITORIALS 3

SAVING AND LOSING LIFE 7

CONSOLATION (poem) 13

"HIS FIRST COMMUNION" 14

UNCLE MOSES' GHOST STORY (poem) 20

"SUCH IS MARRIED LIFE" 22

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT 25

Why a Student of Expression Should Cultivate a Love for Nature 25

MUSIC DEPARTMENT 27

"What Passion Cannot Music Raise and Quell?" 27

Notes in the Music World 29

The Minstrel Show 30

ART DEPARTMENT 31

How Can a Girl Utilize Her Art After She Leaves School? 31

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT 34

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT 35

About Our Girls 35

JOKES 37

The Pennant

Published by the Students of Virginia Institute, Bristol, Virginia

KATE WILLIAMS, ... Editor-in-Chief
Nell Mullins, Elizabeth Coshow, . . . Associate Editors

AIMEE McALPIN, ... Business Manager
Fannie Womack, ... Assistant Business Manager

Sadie Riser, . . . Editor Art Department
Carrie Lee Bingham, . . Editor Music Department
Alice Rogers, . . Editor Expression Department
Mary Robbins, . . . Editor Athletic Department
Myrtle Robinson, . . . Editor Alumnæ Department

Subscription, 75 cents per year

Vol. II. February, 1908 No. 3

EDITORIALS

THE management of The Pennant have decided to open a contest under the following conditions:

First: The Eoline and Harrisonian Literary Societies shall be the contestants.

Second: The society securing as many as fifty *paid-up* subscriptions shall receive the first prize—ten dollars. To secure the second prize—five dollars—twenty-five paid-up subscriptions must be secured.

Third: Subscriptions may be secured from any source.

Fourth: The contest shall close February 15th at 12 m.

Fifth: Mr. E. L. Converse shall be appointed to receive the subscriptions, but may not tell, until the close, how the contest stands.

Sixth: The subscription price for the remainder of the year—four issues—shall be fifty cents. It is hoped that every Eoline and Harrisonian will evince in this contest the loyalty which characterizes them in other fields of activity.

In this issue our readers are given the second of the series of lectures as delivered by Prof. Schroetter before the faculty and students of Virginia Institute. The third of this group will be found in the March number of THE PENNANT.

These essays are entitled as follows: (1) Original Living; (2) Living and Losing; (3) Pledges of Immortality.

We hope and believe that each of our subscribers will derive as much real enjoyment and benefit from these writings as we, the students ourselves, have.

❦

What is the characteristic which we most admire in people? Or what should be the chief trait in any person's character? In history, those men are most dwelt on, studied and read, who have distinguished themselves by their strict adherence or loyalty to any enterprise undertaken, whatever this may have been.

If then this is true, it certainly seems that in order to make the most of our college life, each one should strive to make loyalty the keynote of her life while there (for if one is ever to cultivate their spirit of faithfulness, it is while away at school). Be true to your school in every particular, whether it consists merely in being faithful to your class work; in giving support to your faculty, even though you realize the feebleness of your "helping hand;" in assisting the staff which you have elected to edit your college monthly—they need every girl's hearty cooperation and subscription; or in dropping here and there a word of praise for your school, when holding conversation with any outsider. Speak a helpful word every time you possibly can, for these same people outside will perhaps become interested because you show them that you are! Besides doing you good, these little things will show that you are broad-minded enough at least to appreciate the virtues as well as the vices in everything.

❦

Last Saturday, February 1, the world was shocked by the news that King Carlos and Crown Prince Luiz Phillipe had been shot down by a murderous band of men, stationed just a few steps from the corner of the Praco Do Commercio and the Rua Do Arsenal.

As the royal family, riding in a carriage, were whirled around the corner into the Praco Do Commercio, and at a most unexpected moment, a fusilade of bullets was turned upon them. There was no escape, and Portugal, in a few hours, was terror-stricken with a great sorrow. Telegraphic messages of sympathy poured into Lisbon from all Europe and from America. Condolences for the bereaved Queen Amelia proved that there exists a kinship of sympathy among all nations in such a disaster as befell this kingdom. But the queen was not to be consoled and still lies prostrated with grief, spending most of the time in prayer.

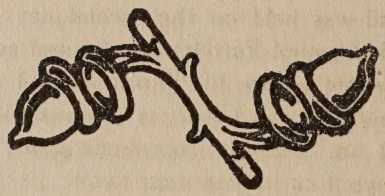
It seems that a sentiment for reform has been gaining ground for the past few months. Numerous plots to assassinate the king had been discovered, and a revolution seemed imminent. As soon as it was known that the king was dead, the streets were deserted, houses were barricaded, and preparations for war began. But crime always trembles in fear of its own folly, and as nearly all these murderers were either killed or captured, no one raised a hand against the royal family. Under a new regime, with Prince Manuel as king and the establishment of a new cabinet, Portugal seems to be for the moment at peace. Careful measures are being taken to avoid any further manifestations of disorder. The opening session of the new council was held on the second day after the death of King Carlos, with Admiral Ferreira Do Amoral as president. King Manuel III. appeared before his ministers, and with a trembling voice said: "A few days ago I was taking music lessons, and now I must be king. I am without experience either in science or in politics, I place myself entirely in your hands, heeding and believing in your patriotism and wisdom."

A great deal of prudence has been shown in selecting representatives from various elements of the populace to make up the new cabinet, and the desire for reform has been eagerly satisfied by such a condition of affairs. The revolting element seems pleased over their success and is hopeful of future conciliations. Besides this, an announcement was given out that changes in the present cabinet were probable. This seems to be courting public favor and will doubtless remove opportunity for further criticism.

Forgetting the cold-blooded murder as best we can, let us hope for a happier future for this little kingdom. The principles of our great republic—these United States—seem to be dominating in the

present trend of affairs and policies of Portugal's government. The spirit of Jefferson's democracy is gradually spreading from nation to nation and the strength of its influences can well be seen in the proceedings of present statesmen of Portugal. We are reminded of the words of Lowell:

"Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born that drops into its place,
And which once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake."



Saving and Losing Life

BY S. T. SCHROETTER

After one has made a study of his own personality and he recognizes his individuality independent of that of others; after he realizes his own abilities and inabilities and he thinks he knows in what capacity he can most effectively serve the world, what should he do with the life—his individual life—which was given to him and which it is his privilege to use as he wishes or wills? That is what I'd like to consider under the title of this discussion: Saving and Losing Life.

There are two phases of life, one is to save it for one's own sake, the other is to lose it for others. We will first consider the life as pertaining to the individual who possesses that life. How much do we owe to ourselves before we should begin to consider our duty toward others? How far are we justified in first considering our own rights and welfare before looking to the needs of others?

Let us merely mention the duty of each of us toward the preservation of his PHYSICAL life. We all know how necessary it is to take care of our health. No sickly or physically shrivelled up person can do anything for himself or for anyone else. It is necessary to be strong physically to accomplish much.

MENTALLY it is also necessary to improve and develop. We owe it to ourselves primarily to gain an education. In order to be of service to others one must first have something to serve. A student at college should be selfish with her time. Her college years are her gathering in years. They are the only years which are really her own. It is then that she should prepare herself for later service. It is then when her mind is most receptive, and when she is most susceptible to new and unknown truths. She owes it to herself to utilize that time for her individual self. Whether or not a student is going to be an engine or an ordinary day-coach in life depends greatly upon the amount of steam she is storing away to be used as propelling power later. All the time a student can get for her individual improvement while at college should be used even

at the expense of what may seem to some one else like a duty. The better one is prepared for work the more effectively can he work. An empty head and heart can give out nothing, but the fuller they are the more forcibly will they give out. This would perhaps be a dangerous doctrine to give to anyone who could not retain the spirit of service in spite of inactivity along that line. Somebody might say that being inactive in the way of serving others would tend to make one forget how to do it. Centering one's efforts upon doing only for himself might develop selfishness rather than unselfishness. Whether or not one will cultivate selfishness during one's years of self-preparation at college as a student, does not depend so much upon inactivity in the way of service as it does upon the motive one has in securing an education, or in making preparation. The question is this: Is it for a selfish purpose, or is the ultimate object one of doing good to the world, for which we are fitting ourselves? Every serious artist, every intelligent preacher, every earnest-minded student should have a great object in view, and he should fit himself and prepare himself for it. Before Christ appeared publicly he prepared himself with many years of study. He made his debut when he was thirty years old. After so long a time working for himself, preparing his life, he began to give that life to the world, and he gave it all in three years. Modern students, modern preachers and teachers itch to appear as public servants before they know their A, B, C's in their chosen line of work. Such people are public nuisances rather than public servants or benefactors.

Then we ought to prepare ourselves along RELIGIOUS lines to be of service. One can best do that by having his own religion. One should not only accept the religious theories of his forefathers or of some one else as his own religion. It might be well to start with some one else's religion, but an earnest soul will reach out for something it can call its own. It is necessary to seek for light upon this and that question. It will not harm to speculate on this or that. It is sometimes wise to question the truth of this or that, if after earnestly thinking about it, one has good reason to question. Some people refrain from thinking and speculating along religious lines for fear of shaking their faith in God; for fear of developing into skeptics or some other thing instead of remaining Christians. Well, if anyone loses his faith or Christianity as a result of earnest

investigations along religious lines, he must have very little faith or Christianity. He has so little of it that he'll likely not feel moved to investigate. And suppose one does doubt at times! This is what Tennyson in his "In Memoriam" says about doubt:

You tell me doubt is Devil-born,

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

The fear that some people have of making certain kinds of investigations along religious lines reminds me of what a music student once told me. She said that when she plays a piece from memory she tries not to think of the notes for fear that it will throw her off. Well, that indicated to me that she only thought she played from memory when the fact was she was playing from a combination of mechanical habits. Playing from memory is playing from the mind. One need not fear to investigate for new truths about God or religion. If as the result of such study a new conviction comes to one which collides with a creed or doctrine or even our church, let it collide. An exclamation mark is simply a question mark straightened out anyway. If your question mark is an exclamation mark to someone or something else, let it be. A real inner-living conviction has more religion in it for its possessor than has a creed or doctrine or the traditional beliefs of his fore-

fathers. It is our duty to think. We are not only to try to feel a certain emotion, a certain love for God, a certain belief in him. In the true sense of the word we will never learn to love him that way. In order to have the true love for God we must study him as he is revealed in his word. Study him psychologically, by philosophy, by science, by anything that will give a better understanding of him in all his largeness and magnificence. God wants us to think, and if we are thinking about him we ought not to do it in a slovenly or indolent manner.

Again, it won't suffice to be the kind of a saint such as I knew in my home town. She claimed that she couldn't sin, and that sin had no power over her. She never was active as a Christian as far as I could see, and she went about with her hands folded and her eyes turned heavenward. Such a saint is like a bumble-bee, which is about as large when it is born as it ever gets, and the rest of whose life is spent in shrivelling up into the size of an ordinary fly with only a little buzz left. (That saint to whom I refer is still living.) There are other people whose religion consists of mere feeling and no thought. They generally bore for salt water; that is, if they can weep they feel that they have religion. Saline piety doesn't go very far. Some musicians put only feeling into their playing and no intelligence. They take all kinds of liberties to make pleasing effects. They over-sentimentalize. That is not art. Of course, there are others who go to the other extreme and play very intelligently, but put no soul into their music. They never will be capable of proclaiming a musical message, precisely as a cold calculator without any feeling is unable to make religion appeal to people. What we need in music, or religion, or in anything, is a head full of intelligence put on fire by a heart full of feeling, which is a happy combination. One who uses that combination will most likely come to the proper interpretation of God's will, as he will likewise come to the most beautiful understanding of God himself.

Now let us consider the question of GIVING our lives. If you desire to save your life—that is, a life full of something worth while—(you have a life only after you are at least partially filled) if you desire to save that life you must lose it, and it is right at this stage where one is in danger of being selfish. A man is selfish only then when he has something to give but keeps it for himself. It's time to serve when there is something to serve.

A selfish person is an undesirable creature. I once read something that went about like this: "Some people first begin to dream about themselves then they begin to desire themselves (more than anybody else); then they begin to put forth effort to do something only and always for themselves, and then they have a strong passion for themselves. When that passion is strong a man is selfish." So a man is selfish when he is so passionately fond of himself that everybody else and everything else is of secondary importance. In life such people take out two insurance policies, one is a life insurance policy which is to insure them a good living in this world. Then, thinking they may not succeed in securing life in heaven, they take out a fire insurance policy by which they hope to escape everlasting fire. It is very small to be concerned only about one's own welfare in this world, and then hope to be insured against condemnation in the next world.

Of course one should love his life because God gave it to him, but for the same reason one ought to hate to keep it. If you only keep what you have you shrivel up; that's what a miser does. But a man who puts out his life, like the man who invests his moneys finds it developing manifold. That's what a life of service does for one. The reason an old fogy is shrivelled up is because he never invests his old ideas to get new ones. He has old ideas to which he adheres like a leech. To him anything new is bad because it is new. He never reaches out. He's practically dead—because according to modern interpretation, the difference between a groove and a grave is only a matter of depth, anyway. Some people love themselves, will for themselves, live for themselves, so that after a while they really live on themselves. They taste so good to themselves that no one about is half so sweet. Such people are so selfish that they are like a small boat with a tremendous whistle. When the whistle is blown it takes so much steam that the boat stops.

Now a few words about the service of a Christian. We can be most useful to society if we have within us the spirit of service. We always seek to be served and to be respected. We try to monopolize privileges, which is not right; and according to Christ's way of doing, it is essentially wrong. We are not only heartlessly indifferent to the welfare of others but we don't allow them the same privileges we enjoy. We should not get a cinch on all privi-

leges, but make good use of our own, and give everybody else the right to his own. Our duty is to help one another and to be interested in one another. It is expected of each of us to serve as did Christ. He took upon himself the duties of a servant, and his compensation was the highest exaltation. Promotion is the result of active service effectively rendered along any line. That is a legitimate means of advancing one's self without resorting to uncharitable practices. One can exalt himself without doing it at someone else's expense, and here a lot could be said about the vile tongue which says mean and false things about someone else to elevate the owner of the tongue. It costs to serve, but one is compensated with gratitude and with the knowledge of having done good. On the other hand, it costs to be served because of being hated by a serving multitude.

In considering the cost of things one so often makes the mistake of considering the temporary sacrifice we make instead of looking to the eventual gain. Anything of great value necessarily costs and SHOULD cost a great deal. Poverty, a thing bought without money, has cost many great men a great deal of suffering, but they got infinitely more of intrinsic worth from poverty than they could buy with all the money in the world. In fact, money gotten without personal effort upon the part of the owner often proves harmful to him, because that money saved him the cost of his personal self, which cost would have been worth infinitely more to him. The fact that such is true has caused a law to be passed which imposes a tax upon great wealth willed to children. Inherited wealth is too often a burden which impedes the growth and development of the inheritors by robbing them of personal effort which, without the money, would have been put forth. It costs to be religious. But to suffer for the sake of one's religion means to get more out of it than all it costs. Even though it costs to get religion, it costs much more not to have it because of what it brings to one in return. It costs every artist something to love his art. It costs him endless work and drudgery, but he never regrets it. It is sometimes hard to be noble, but to be ignoble is to suffer infinitely more. It means a great deal to get wisdom, but how much harder to be a classical dunce before a classical world.

It is hard to discipline one's self to live the sort of charitable life just recommended, especially when the world—so hungry for

fame and money, and a soft snap—is indulging in every means of securing what it holds dearest, whether the means are good or evil. The safest thing one can do is to study the life of a model in these good works, and that model is the lowly Nazarene.

CONSOLATION

Only a day filled with darkness
Deprived of its gladness and mirth,
Not even a faint gleam of sunlight
To give joy birth.

Dreary low spirits come o'er me,
Sad thoughts start up in surprise,
'Till in the dull hush of the twilight
The mocking bird's melody dies.

O soul, so dejected within me,
What desolate thoughts come unbidden!
Think of the bright hopes before you
That in the dark future lie hidden.

For never the clouds so threatening,
Nor the darkness of mid-night so drear,
Can dissemble our souls from the brightness
Of the one who loves us so dear.

Bear patiently thy sorrow O soul,
Be strong and cease thy sad lay,
For the oceans of joy in eternity
Are worth all thy offerings today.

QUEEN HONEYCUTT.

The "Freshies" are green,
The "Sophies" serene,
And the teachers are evermore stern
The "Juniors" are shirking,
The "Seniors" are working,
Diplomas are what they will earn.

LIDIE COURTS.

"His First Communion"

ZIRLETA MATTHEWS

CHAPTER I

Bishop Wilcox was returning from services one bright Sunday in June, and though he tried very hard to dispel the subject from his mind over which he had pondered so much lately, he found it impossible.

The young couple a few paces ahead of him seemed utterly unconscious of his presence. They walked along leisurely, drinking in the beauty of the world around them.

Minerva Wilcox, a young girl of eighteen, was strikingly beautiful, possessing perfect features of a type so rare that one looked twice and marvelled at the beauty of her face. It was not the kind that the people of today admire so much, but a deeper, more tranquil beauty, which spoke from her solemn gray eyes the noble thoughts of her soul. From infancy this only child had been the pride of the old bishop's heart, and aside from his religious duties, she was his deepest thought.

By her side was Jack Terry, the only son of a wealthy banker in New York. In personal appearance he was a regular Adonis. These attributes, backed by his father's riches, made him the leader in the social whirl of the great city. The keen flash of his black eyes portrayed his reckless character, and the dark circles seemed to tell of a life of dissipation.

"Tell me, Jack," broke in Minerva after a long pause in the conversation, "what causes that dark scowl on your face?"

"Oh, nothing at all; I was just thinking of a little business matter."

The girl, accustomed always to having her questions answered in a more satisfactory manner, was very much hurt at this abrupt answer.

The pair were now nearing the large iron gate opening the way to the spacious lawn, where was situated the handsome residence of the bishop of the diocese of Eastern New York.

Instead of coming into the house for a few moments' chat before luncheon, as he generally did, Jack bade Minerva a hasty good-bye at the gate, saying that he would call that night at eight o'clock. The girl turned as she started up the walk and caught sight of her father who was just coming around the corner. She stopped and waited for him, and when he opened the gate, threw her arms about his neck and began to sob piteously.

"There, my pet, what is the matter with you? Has your gallant been flirting with another girl?"

"Oh, no, father, he has been acting so queer lately and will not confide in me at all. Why does he treat me this way?"

"Now, now; let's dismiss the unpleasant things from our minds at present and enjoy the good things that mother has in store for us. I am very hungry, indeed. After dinner, come to my study and we will talk the matter over."

After the noon meal, Minerva went to her room, changed her street costume, and repaired to her father's study, where the kind old man, seated in his large Morris chair, was awaiting her coming.

"Dearie, come and sit on my knee and listen to what I have to say."

The girl complied readily with his request, and placing her arms around his neck, she looked up lovingly into the kind, genial face.

"My child, it grieves me very much to tell you of this, but I have come to the conclusion that it will have to be done. Of course you love Jack—I have tried every way to prevent it, but love will find a way. So far you know very little of the moral character of the young man. When he is with you he is a perfect gentleman, and seemingly tender and kind; but when he leaves you, he goes out into the corrupt world and spends his nights in revelry, gambling and drinking."

"Oh, father, how can you say those hard things—it will break my heart!"

"It is only the great love I have for you that speaks to you now and warns you against approaching danger. Take your old father's advice and tell Jack Terry that he can not come to see you again."

With these words Minerva arose, thanked her father kindly, and quietly left the room. She went directly upstairs, flung herself across her bed, and, instead of crying as a foolish schoolgirl would have done, began to think seriously over what her father had said.

She decided to bear up bravely under her sorrow, and make a *man* of Jack if it lay in her power to do so. She closed her eyes with this thought in mind: "Chivalry is not dead or dying; a woman may make a knight of the man who loves her, if she only will."

CHAPTER II.

Eight o'clock found Minerva seated in the library reading, or rather pretending to read, "The Weavers." She was alone only a few minutes, when familiar steps were heard coming up the paved walk, and she arose to meet Jack at the door.

Had he ever looked so glorious before! Standing there under the hall light, dressed in a black suit, and looking down at his little sweetheart, with the lovelight shining in his large black eyes, he seemed to her the most perfect man.

As they walked into the library, Minerva leading the way, Jack looked at her, and burst out impulsively, "Queen Rose of the rose-bud garden of girls, I have a surprise for you."

"Oh, you have; how interesting! What is it?" she asked eagerly.

He pulled out a little package from his pocket, and opening it, showed it to her.

"Oh, what a beautiful diamond! May I see it?"

"Take it, dear; it's yours for keeps."

The girl, in an ecstacy of wild delight at the thought of possessing so rare a jewel, forgot herself for a moment, and was in the act of placing the ring on her finger, when a horrid thought passed through her mind. She quickly jerked it away, and uttering a pitiful sigh, she handed it back to him.

"Why, what is it? Do you not—"

"Oh, do not ask me; I can not tell you now." Seeing the puzzled look on his face, she said, "Yes, I must tell you. The sooner it is over the better for us both. Jack, I can not accept a ring from someone whom I can never allow to come to see me again, or rather until you have mended your ways. The dreadful news has come to me that you, whom I love dearly and have so truly trusted in, have been leading a corrupt life. All along you have carefully concealed these things from me. Why did you betray me?"

"Oh, then, you know all, and I am ruined in your eyes forever."

"No, no; you will reform and come to me some day with a noble, manly love to lay at my feet. You will, for my sake, won't you? Although I shall be absent from you, I trust my spirit and prayers will ever be with you to guide and cheer you on your way."

With these words, Minerva arose, walked over to the table, and taking the little gold cross attached to her prayer-book for a book-mark, handed it to him. She placed her velvety little hand in his big one, and looking up at him, said in her trembling voice, "With this sign, conquer."

He looked first at the cross and then at her and seemed to understand clearly her meaning. Noticing the tears gathering in her eyes, he could stand it no longer. He pressed gently the little hand he held, and, without a word, walked out of the room. No one could ever know the conflicting thoughts that passed through the mind of Jack Terry as he walked to his room that clear night.

For the past week he had been miserable. He realized he had been leading a reckless life and was not worthy to be associated with the pure, innocent girl he loved. Several times he resolved to abandon his old habits and begin life anew, but in vain he tried, for his vices had so become a part of him that it seemed impossible to shake them off. Now the crisis had come. What must he do? He knew that it would mean only misery for him should he continue to stay in New York, so near to Minerva, and yet be unable to see her. Then, too, here he was submitted to the worldly temptations around him, and he was convinced that his reformation could never be brought about in this place. He thought of a plan. He would go to the Golden West; yes, to Texas—the land of his dreams—a place where his boyish fancies had oftentimes carried him in his youth. Here he would accept a position as cowboy on some big ranch and begin his work—the making of a man.

CHAPTER III.

Two years had passed since Jack Terry had cast his lot in the West, and in that time a wonderful change had come over him. He was no longer the pale, nervous wreck of old, but a strong, brown cowboy, beloved by all his companions. In fact, they all looked upon him as the great hero of their band. When he first came to the little town of Pecos, he applied for a position on the large ranch of Mr. A. C. Rice, who just at this time—a week before

the annual round-up—was in need of more men. He gladly accepted Jack and supplied him with a wild mustang, a lasso, corduroy trousers, leggins, a large slouch hat, and the other accessories of a cowboy's wardrobe. Arrayed in this costume, Jack was maddeningly fascinating and would have aroused admiration and even adoration from any romantic girl.

The coquettish little Trixy, a maiden of sixteen summers, daughter to the owner of the ranch, declared that he even surpassed the hero of her dreams, and were it not for the fact that she had lately bestowed her affections on "Billy Boy," she would certainly make a crush on this newcomer. She did not know that just at this moment the heart of the jolly good fellow was sad, and that day by day he thought only of a girl he had left in the far East. At night when he sat at the large open fireplace of his little hut, his pardner, Bill, by his side, he would read from a little prayer-book. After this was done, he would take from his wide leather belt a little chamois bag carefully tied up. Untying the cords, he would take from its hiding place the little gold cross given to him by Minerva on that last night before he went away. It had now become most sacred to him, and always before going to sleep he would press it to his lips and breathe a prayer that it would give him strength and courage.

It had been one year since Jack's confirmation in the old Episcopal church of the little western town of Pecos. Ever since that time he had led a pure, honorable life, and felt that within a short while he would be worthy of Minerva's love. But then suppose she had ceased to love him and another had won her heart. It had been two long years since he had seen her, and many changes could have come over her in that time. The thought sickened him. If this woman, who to him was the very superlative of all faith, love and constancy, and who had been a beacon-light guiding him in the narrow way, should she at the last fail him, his life would only mean a miserable failure.

CHAPTER IV.

The bishop and his daughter had made all preparations for their Southern tour, and their plan was to visit the Lone Star State first. They left New York in January, and after several days' travel, arrived in Texas. They went first to Midland, a town in the western part of the State, to visit their relatives, the Darlingtons.

Louise Darlington, the youngest of the girls, was near the age of Minerva, and although the two cousins had never seen one another, they had corresponded regularly since their girlhood. It seemed so grand to Minerva to think that she was really to see Louise and spend a while with her in her country home, "The Pines." She was looking forward to a most delightful visit, and did not realize how near Fate was bringing her to her own beloved.

Soon after the arrival of Bishop Wilcox he received a letter from the Reverend G. L. Crockett, rector of St. John's Episcopal church in Pecos. He asked him on the following Sunday to dedicate their little church, which had recently been completed, stating that the bishop of his diocese was ill and would be unable to officiate. The kind old man, ever ready to help his fellowmen, decided to go. When Louise heard of this, she cried out joyfully, "Oh, let us go with you ; it will be so much fun, and then Minerva will have a chance to see the good-looking cowboy who, I have heard, will take his first communion today."

Early Sunday morning the party of three left "The Pines." The girls made a pretty picture in their new winter coat suits, and seemed so happy together.

The train pulled into the station about a quarter to eleven, giving the trio only a few minutes to drive to the church in time for the services. The girls left the bishop at the vestry door and went in at the front entrance. Minerva created quite a stir in the little congregation already gathered there. They were all wondering who the stylish young lady in brown was.

There was one in the number whose heart thrilled with surprise and joy as the girl passed him in the aisle, unconscious of his presence.

Jack had come for his first communion. There were quite a crowd of his friends with him, but they were so absorbed in looking at the new church that they did not note the change in Jack. He had heard of the bishop's visit to Texas and that he was to deliver the dedicatory services, but had not dreamed that his daughter was with him. To think now she was in the same house with him, only a few seats in front, where he could gaze at her without her knowing it ! What would she think of him in the guise of a cowboy ! This question was in his mind when the bishop, to whom he had listened so often in the past, walked out and began bis service.

In the old days he had gone only to please Minerva, but now, as he sat under the sound of the holy words, he was filled with reverence and felt, as he had never before, the grace and bounty of God's love.

The sermon over, the bishop called for the communicants to come up. Jack, who was seated in the back of the church, was among the first to go. As he knelt down at the altar, he looked across from him and caught Minerva's eye as she, too, knelt there, her face gleaming with benevolence. The look in her eyes seemed to tell Jack that she was still true to him, and all his doubts and fears at once vanished.

"What need of words when lovers meet,
What need of sighs and glances sweet,
As long as faithful hearts can beat?"

After the quiet services, Jack and Minerva together walked back to the little station, planning for the happy future in store for them.

Jack knew that he had not only conquered sin, but had won the "Costliest thing ever made by the hand above"—*a woman's heart.*

UNCLE MOSES' GHOST STORY.

ELIZABETH MCCHESNEY

Tell yo' a ghost story dat's sho' nuff true?
Law chile, I'se tol' yo' all I ebbah new.
But bein's yo ain' suh tickla 'bout dat,
I'll tell yo' un what ud skeah a cat.

De berry wust hant I ebbah did see.
I nebbah will fo'git it—no suhree.
I'd ben talkin' lak dem tales want so,
Whut all de niggahs tells 'bout spooks, yo' know.

Yo' daddy en his bruddah Bill,
Wus two little chaps what couldn' set still.
Dey boff come laffin 'roun me un day,
"Uncle Mose, doan yo' bliebe in hants?" dey say.

"Noan 'deed I knows too much fo' dat,
Wher'd yo' ebbah saw un at?"
Nen dey giggle en wink dey eye,
En I knows by dat hits time tuh fly.

But I hedn't mor'n got my bref
Till dey boff squalled out lak I was def,
"Ef you think dem tales 'bout hants ain true,
Paw's got uh little wirk fuh yo' tuh do.

Dat is fo' yo' tuh sleep in de ole lawg ba'n,
Tuh see dat nuffin doan come tuh ha'm."
Now dat thing I want pleased tuh heah,
But I'se a niggah whut knows no feah.

So when de sun hed gone tuh baid,
I mosied out tuh de ole ba'n shaid.
Hit looked mighty lonesome lak en still,
But one thing sho'—dis niggah's got a will.

I'se kindah wa'm fr'm de walk, yo' see;
So a seat on de outside jes suited me.
Den I filled my pipe en 'gins tuh smoke,
En think 'bout hant-tales bein' uh joke.

All uv a sundin I'se lookin' uh bout,
My harh oncu'led whin I heaerd uh shout,
"De spooks is gwin on deir nightly route;
Ef yo' doan want tuh die, yu'd bettah light out."

Den come uh crush in dar on de flo',
En sumpin' er nuther run out de do'.
Jes what hit wus I ain' quite sho',
Kaze I run till I jes couldn' run no mo'.

One thing I knows, en dat am uh fac',
I lef dat ba'n en I nebbah went bac'.
Yo' kin talk 'bout hant tales bein' uh lie,
But I'se gwin to bliebe um till I die.

End

"Such is Married Life"

or "IN THE USUAL WAY"

OLA BURTON

"I'll be ready, Jack, just as quick as you come and button my waist for me." "Yes dear." "Don't begin at the bottom Jack. You can't button a waist from the bottom. Begin at the top--in the collar there."

"All right" said Jack cheerfully.

Pause.

"What's the matter, Jack? Can't you find the button hole?"

"There, I've got the first one," said Jack triumphantly. "By jingo, I havn't either; I've got it buttoned into a hole in the lace. I'll have to unfasten it. There—now we are getting along fine."

"You are awful clumsy, Jack. How many buttons have you got fastened?"

"I've got one all right," he said. "This lace collar's the hardest part of it. I guess it'll be plain sailing as soon as I get that done."

"Well, let me see if I can do that," she said a little impatiently, twisting around before the mirror and putting both hands back of her neck.

"You've got the second button in the third hole," said Jack, watching her manipulations. "Maybe I can fix it now; my fingers are rested."

"Well, for goodness sake hurry, or we will be late. I'm getting all tired out standing up here. Can't you hurry a little?"

"I'm hurrying as fast as I can. I don't see what makes waists button up the back anyway," he said.

"No, and I don't see what makes men put short collar buttons through two or three thicknesses of starch collar for, either. Havn't I helped you hunt under the bureau for a collar button many a time?"

"Well, we won't argue about that," he said soothingly. "There, I've got all of the collar done!"

"Have you all four of the buttons on the collar done?"

"Are there four? By gracious! I thought there were only three. I missed the third one, the collar is folded down so. I will have to unfasten the last one and button the third."

"Well, Jack Goodwin, you are smart. Didn't I tell you there were four buttons on the collar?"

"I didn't hear you dear; don't twist around so. You'll have the second out next. There, I thought you would. Now I've got to begin all over again."

Silence.

"My face is getting so red I am ashamed to go anywhere!" She began dabbing powder on her nose. "How far down are you?"

"Don't raise your arm up that way. You make it gap in the back and I can't button it at all. There, the collar is all done now, dearie. Just a few more minutes—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Now that's all but the hook and eye."

"What makes that little bulge up there near the top?" she inquired, looking side ways in the mirror. "Well, I will declare, Jack Goodwin, if you havn't missed one of the top buttons and got it all crooked—you are a smart one!"

"That doesn't make any difference," said Jack soothingly. "No body will ever notice that."

"Now, Jack Goodwin, if you think I'm goin down town with a hump on my back and my waist buttoned crooked, you are mistaken. Besides, I'm so warm and tired I don't care whether I go or not. You can unbutton the whole thing and I don't care; I will take it off and stay at home." Tears

"For goodness sake, don't cry over a little thing like that," said Jack in distress. "I'll button it up in a jiffy."

"I'm not crying over the waist; I'm crying because you are so cross and mean and hateful. Don't start to button it up again. I don't want it buttoned."

"I wouldn't act like that dear," he protested. "There isn't any use of quarreling over a little thing like buttoning a waist."

"I'm not quarreling," she said. "Here I've stood up for half an hour, and have been just as patient as I can be and you say I'm quarreling."

More tears.

"Havn't you another waist that buttons easier?" he suggested. "Maybe I could button another one in a minute."

"No I havn't," she said. "They all button in the back."

"Then I guess we will have to give it up," he said, "I will phone down and tell them not to hold the tickets."

"Jack, do you mean to say that we are going to miss that performance just because you are too stupid to button my waist?"

"I don't see how I can button it when you won't let me try," said Jack meekly.

"Who said anything about not letting you try?" she retorted tartly. "The trouble is you didn't want to be bothered with it in the first place and didn't try to."

"Now dear, what ever you want me to do, just tell me and I'll try to do it," he said meekly.

"There," she said, twining her arms about her neck, making a grimace. "I've got the four buttons in the collar fastened myself; see if you can't button the rest without missing any." Jack approaches with dum resignation. Two or three minutes and it was done. Jack bent over her and kissed her. "If you had tried at first dear," she said, "instead of being impatient with me and not caring, we would have been spared all this trouble."

"I know, I know," he agreed humbly, "but it's all right now, isn't it dear?"

Expression Department

WHY A STUDENT OF EXPRESSION SHOULD CULTIVATE A LOVE FOR NATURE

N the busy world of the present day, we find many people who have become so hardened by the monotonous routine of common-place things that they are oblivious to the beauty in nature. They regard nature as they do everything else. In so doing, they make a grave mistake; for nature, above all things, is not monotonous.

There are unfathomable depths in nature, there is a wonderful variety in its various forms that many people do not see; and through all nature there rings out that all-wonderful and mysterious voice of the Creator, of the God of the universe.

Can such a thing be common-place? No. There can be no alternative in the answer. Seeing this, it is for us to go beyond this narrow and inadequate way of seeing things, and to cultivate a love for this wonderful and beautiful thing we call Nature.

We, as students of art, need above all others to cultivate an appreciation of the beauties of nature; for is not all art based upon nature? We learn that the very principles of nature are the principles of art. For example, there is the principle that all natural impulses are from within, outward. As an illustration, take the little seed. Lowell says that it

> "Feels a stir of might,
> An instinct *within* it that reaches and towers,
> And, groping blindly above it for light,
> Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

This principle of outward growth from an inward impulse applies also to art. There must be the thought, the feeling, the emotion within, before it can come forth in any form of expression. Therefore, since we find that art is based upon nature, in order to obtain a true conception of the art we are studying, we must go back to its fundamental principles, and where are these found but in the study of nature?

Perhaps we have all felt that there is a sympathy in nature, a

strange power which seems to respond to feelings in our own hearts. It is very beautifully expressed by Bryant, in the opening lines of "Thanatopsis":

> "To him who, in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language: for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
> Into his darker musings with a mild
> And gentle sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness ere he is awake."

There is a joy, there is a pleasure in this communion with nature. Wordsworth felt it when he said:

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."

So let us cultivate a love for nature for the pleasure there is in it.

Last of all, we should cultivate an appreciation of the beauty in nature, because it will broaden our intellectual life, it will enable us to look deeper into things. This is indeed necessary for us, as students of art; for is not art among the deepest of deep things? We are so prone to look merely on the surface, and to glide along easily without exerting our minds to a deeper conception. This is the way many people are in regard to nature. For instance, a person will go out upon a beautiful starlit night, but he has become so hardened and narrowed by having left his æsthetic nature undeveloped that there is nothing in the beauty of that night that appeals to him. On the other hand, take a person who has cultivated a love for the beautiful; he will not only see that dark clear sky besprinkled with those thousands of tiny lights, which is an uplifting sight in itself, but he will go deeper than this; as he looks, he will be inspired with awe and reverence for a great invisible power, for the Creator who made all this beauty possible. Thus, if we grow to think more deeply on this great subject, we shall involuntarily think more deeply on all other subjects, and as a result, our mental life will be broadened. So let us cultivate a love for nature so that we may look deeper; that we may see more in the things about us; that we may find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

MILDRED HOLLOWAY.

Music Department

"WHAT PASSION CANNOT MUSIC RAISE AND QUELL?"

N January the 13th Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, a pianist of the elect, appeared in a recital, which was certainly the greatest thing of the kind ever heard in Bristol. The comfortable and beautifully decorated auditorium of Virginia Institute was filled by a large and representative audience, consisting of Bristol citizens, students and teachers of Sullins College as well as of our own school.

The audience could hardly wait to hear the pianist who was so strongly advertised, and of whom so many very favorable things were said. We were expecting great things, and we were not only not disappointed, but we received more than was expected.

Mr. Hutcheson chose the following varied and interesting program:

PROGRAMME

D'ALBERT—*Suite in D minor, Op. 1*
Allemande
Courante
Sarabande
Gavotte and Musette
Gigue

BEETHOVEN—*Minuet in E flat*

CHOPIN—*Ballade in A flat*
Nocturne in D flat
Two Etudes
(*a*) *Op. 25, No. 6*
(*b*) *Op. 25, No. 11*

SCHUMANN—*Traumes Wirren*
Nachtstueck in F
Contrabandiste
(Arranged for Piano by Tusig)

LISZT—*Etude de Concert in F minor*

HUTCHESON—*Scherzo in F sharp minor*
Andante Tranquillo, Op. 10 No. 1

WAGNER-HUTCHESON—*Ride of the Valkyries*

It is a great art to select and to arrange a program. The above list of compositions was well chosen, designed as it was primarily, to display the strongest feature in the artist's playing. Mr. Hutcheson is technically a remarkably well-equipped pianist. The accuracy, finish, and polish of his performance on Friday evening substantiates what the critics have said about Mr. Hutcheson: that in these respects he out-shines even the popular idol, Paderewski. And unlike the musical god just mentioned, Mr. Hutcheson never pounds his instrument. He has a tremendous tone, strong, virile and wholesome, it having a genuine masculine ring.

Mr. Hutcheson is an earnest musician, and he takes his art seriously. The mechanical proficiency which he has acquired in playing is made subservient to that which is most essential, namely, to convey a musical message. Mr. Hutcheson does not make technic the chief aim in his playing, but to him it is only a means of bringing to his audience that which he himself feels and understands. Some one has uniquely said: "Playing the piano is worthless if it doesn't show what the player has inside of himself."

In Mr. Hutcheson's playing is reflected his broad knowledge of men and the world and of a big variety of subjects. He is a versatile student, interested in all subjects, whether they pertain to music or not; all of which, with his intellect, his artistic instincts, and the polish which comes from constant association with those of his kind, furnish Mr. Hutcheson with that something "inside of himself" which does full justice to his technical equipment. It is true Mr. Hutcheson is sometimes criticised for lacking temperament. I hope temperament is what the fault finders mean, because they COULD mean sentimentality. Whatever they mean, this offers an opportunity to say that in a tonal conversation, as well as in a verbal conversation, I prefer to hear intelligent THOUGHTS, well expressed, even though only cold facts at times, than to hear anybody eternally slopping over as some sentimentalists insist upon doing. And it is a strange thing that some people can't get over the idea that a pianist who is well equipped digitally, can't be equally well equipped mentally and soulfully, or vice versa. The idea is as absurd as to think that a handsome carriage is necessarily always occupied by a "tacky person." In music technic is the vehicle, and if the occupant of that vehicle must be anything but interpretation, then what is playing for? No matter how

soulfully a pianist plays, if the mechanical side of his playing is clean and accurate, some people will say, "what a machine." On the other hand, if a player paws the piano, stamps the pedals, and causes the instrument to moan and groan and again to cry, no matter how muddy his finger and wrist work is, people will excuse his bad technic by saying "well that pianist has such a tremendous soul, he is so cyclonic in his make-up, and his emotions are so overwhelming that one can overlook the inadequacy of his technic. Tommy rot !

Mr. Hutcheson made his mechanical powers and those of his head and heart join forces, and he demonstrated that one performer can possess both the "means" and the "end"—which latter is interpretation—in his performance. It is hardly necessary to refer to any individual number on Mr. Hutcheson's program as having been played better than the others, for all were done well. But two of the numbers were of his own composition, and mention should be made of his "Andantino Tranquillo," and the "Ride of the Valkyries," in saying that Mr. Hutcheson proved himself to be a very gifted and scholarly tonal writer as well as a performer. The fact is that the "Ride of the Valkyries," though only in manuscript, has the distinction of being on all the programs of Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, who is a personal friend of Mr. Hutcheson.

All in all the concert given by Mr. Hutcheson was a triumph for himself and a rare treat to the audience. We here congratulate ourselves upon having secured the services of such a great artist, and our only regret is that we cannot have that kind of an entertainment oftener.

NOTES IN THE MUSIC WORLD

"The passing of Edward McDowell marks the finale of a career fraught with pathos. In his death America has lost, without doubt, its most gifted musical composer. One whose creative career was cut short in the heyday of its promise. Overtaxing his energies in varied professional activities, paresis—that dread destroyer—claimed him, and the final years of his life were as a blank to one whose imaginative brain had evolved musical compositions which placed him in the fore of living composers.

"He has written two piano concertos which rank with the best for the instrument. His songs and lesser piano pieces have made his name a household word across our mighty continent.

"Now that he has departed, no doubt much posthumous praise and glory will be placed upon his grave. It will be a continuation of the old, old story of decking the brow of the dead with the laurel wreath of fame.

"The temple of fame is too often the charnel-house of buried hopes and aspirations. The good that men do is too oft interred with their bones."—*Musical Courier.*

Myrtle Evelyn, the young American pianist, has been received with great enthusiasm, both in this country and abroad. She also shows a marked talent for original compositions and has been advised by her teacher, Hugo Kaun, to devote herself entirely to original composition. An American girl, already a great artist.

Bassi, the Manhattan tenor, has recently signed a contract to sing as principal tenor of Buenos Ayres Opera this summer at a salary of $11,000 for eight performances a month.

THE MINSTREL SHOW

The Schroetter Minstrel Co. gave a star performance at Virginia Institute on Saturday, January 25th.

The company arrived on the 4:30 train en route from Knoxville, Tenn., where they played on the evening of the 24th to a very appreciative audience. The minstrel was well staged and the costumes were especially unique. The grand entry march made a decided hit. There were a great number of original and spicy jokes together with selections from the following late rags: "O'le Kentucky Home," "Massie's in de Cole, Cole Ground," "Home Sweet Home" and "Way Down on the Sewannie Riber."

Among the leading features was an old fashioned Virginia reel which was heartily enjoyed by all. Missesus Malinda Rebekka Snoball Brook, Myria Matilda Robbins, Roberta Lee Caroline Bingham were star performers in the clog dance. Another attractive feature was a solo entitled "Way Down Yander in de Corn Feld" with variations by Samuel Hezekiah Theodore George Washington Schroggs Schroetter. The faculty and students of Virginia Institute express their appreciation of such a high class minstrel and hope that the company may have a pleasant and profitable season.

M. N. B.

Art Department

HOW CAN A GIRL UTILIZE HER ART AFTER SHE LEAVES COLLEGE?

HIS question can be answered in many ways, because art has a great place in the practical side of life, as well as the sentimental. Suppose we deal with the practical side—that of ornamenting or making a home. An art-wise man said: "All day long we breathe the atmosphere of ornament. There is no escape from its influence. We may, if we choose, keep away from picture galleries, but we can no longer shut our eyes and decline to take heed of it, tho' there are forms of it all about us which every cultivated man would evade at any cost if he could." The question of ornament is, therefore, neither insignificant, nor one that has significance only for the wealthy few. Neither is it a matter which concerns only those who take some interest in art.

Imagine for a moment how a man would get about ornamenting a house without art. If the house was built for a shelter only, this problem of furnishing it would be greatly simplified. But wherever there is effort there is, or should be, design and art. Since the atmosphere of a house is raised or lowered by the interior decoration, we should make it "a thing of beauty" as well as one of habitation. By the word atmosphere I mean the indefinable influence that is felt for good or ill upon entering a house, and which shows at once whether its maker is a person of refinement and taste and has a sense of beauty or the contrary. This atmosphere of simplicity and truth cannot be produced without art. It should be remembered that the beautiful house contributes to the well-being of the occupants, and also that there is utility in beauty. The striving for FINE things rather than honest and true things, is responsible for many evils. We forget that all great art is simple and true. From the time of the heathens down to the present day, the underlying, fundamental principle of all art has been simplicity, and we have found a great remedy when once we understand that pretense is to be shunned and sincerity welcomed. Pretentious things are false, and artificiality violates all laws of art and decoration. In

these modern days no one is excused on the plea of ignorance of art—that is to say, knows nothing about the symmetry of life—has never learned to use his eyes nor enjoy the beauty about him on every side.

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine thru his cypress trees!"

For never before were so many ways of study and enjoyment open to us, and there is absolutely no excuse for any one being ignorant of the finer and more beautiful side of life. Nor can one plead the want of money as excuse for poor taste, for if there is money enough to buy the article at all, it will buy a suitable one, and will cost no more than a gaudy and inartistic one. "In most houses it is not the want of means that strikes one, but rather the want of taste."

To truly decorate a house is to beautify and enrich it. The decorations must be the right things for the right place. They must be absolutely necessary and congruous, as one would feel an utter loss if they were missing. "Under the belief that she is decorating, a woman will often hang a piece of colored silk on the corner of a picture frame, or tie a bow of ribbon on the leg of a piano bench!" As a warning girls, I will say: when you leave V. I. and enter the conjugal state and (if you are so fortunate) have a home to decorate, never be guilty of either crime!

While the artistic spirit concerns itself mostly with decoration, it does also impress itself upon articles of a form and character that have no reference to any useful form. But the success and charm of these are just to the degree that they appeal to our finer sensibilities—bring out the very best of our natures and make us see beauty in everything.

Have principles and make them your LIFE PRINCIPLES. I plead with you not to go by rules or recipes—do not follow, but be original and lead! And this is what I call woman's genius to make life beautiful, to keep down and out of sight the hard, prosaic side and keep up the poetry. Every woman can and ought to be what Hawthorne calls "The Artist of the Beautiful."

W. P. P.

We all regret very much that Miss Willingham found it necessary to leave her work and the school on account of her health.

We are glad, however, that we can tell our readers that she is improving. All join in wishing her a speedy recovery.

Miss Mary E. Boyd of Rome, Georgia, is Miss Willingham's successor as Director of Art. Miss Boyd has recently returned from Europe, where she has been studying for the past three years, and her pupils are expecting to enjoy her accounts of many of the great things she saw and learned while abroad.

Miss Boyd has some of her own work with her which is very beautiful. Special mention must be made of her tapestries that were very artistically arranged in the stage decoration on the evening that Mr. Ernest Hutcheson gave his piano recital.

We call attention, also, to an oil painting of Miss Boyd's that hangs in the library of the Institute. It might be of interest to those who are studying Art History to know that it is a copy of one of Albrecht Durer's greatest paintings, the Apostles, "Saint Paul and Saint Mark," which hangs in the Alte Penakothek, Munich. Durer was one of the great German painters who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries. This German artist claims a place in the history of art, side by side with Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo. This picture and its companion piece, "Saint Luke and Saint Peter," suggested Sargent's painting of the twelve Apostles which decorate the Public Library at Boston.

Since Christmas we have several new workers in the studio. The names of Misses Ola Howard and Berta Childress have been added to our Art Club roll. We are glad indeed to welcome these new members.

The girls have all gone to work with renewed enthusiasm and great things are expected of them before Commencement. Oil seems to be the most popular medium in the Studio at present. Several of the girls, Wanda Powers, Kathleen Gaunt, Denton McKee and Alice Johnston, are just beginning to work in this medium and they seem to be delighted.

Exchange Department

THE December number of the *University of Mississippi Magazine* comes to us in an unusually attractive cover. The essay "Thought" contains some good material, but the language is rather flowery and the metaphors a trifle mixed. In the January issue the story "Strength That Costs" is out of the ordinary and well told. The ghost story "What?" is much too realistic to be read with comfort after ten o'clock. Under "Thought Condiments" there are some very pithy sayings, which may be applicable to almost anyone.

The Chisel—The essay "Higher Education to Women" is well written, and logically reasoned out. The "Current Events" and "Books of the Hour" are well edited.

College Reflector—The editorials of this number are good. The departments contain interesting subject-matter, but the stories are exceedingly common-place and not up to the standard expected of the Reflector.

The Messenger—We are glad to welcome this magazine among our exchanges. The poem "I'm A-Weary" is particularly good, both in thought and rhythm. "Jack and Delia" is amusing, altho certainly not very much can be said of it from a literary standpoint, since its author wishes it to be just as it is. In "Edgar Allen Poe" a very charitable view of the poet's life is taken, which, after all things are considered, is perhaps not kinder than it is just. We would suggest that a few good stories would make "The Messenger" a well-balanced magazine.

Alumnae Department

WHY do not more of our Alumnæ subscribe for THE PENNANT? It seems that no loyal V. I. girl could allow her college to publish a magazine and not be a regular subscriber. We think of at least three reasons why every former V. I. student should subscribe for THE PENNANT. In the first place it is through its pages that you can keep up with the happenings at Virginia Institute. Every loyal graduate loves her alma mater and wants to know what she is doing. Why not subscribe for THE PENNANT and find out?

In the second place you want to know the fate of your old class mates and what they are doing in the world. Perhaps your best friend has married recently and you haven't heard of it. So often school-girl friendships are forgotten because communication is stopped. Subscribe for THE PENNANT and hear from your friends.

In the third place that is the way you may show your loyalty and interest in your alma mater. If you love your alma mater and remember with pleasure the days spent with her, show it by supporting her magazine, THE PENNANT.

Just at present there is still another reason why you should subscribe for the magazine. Attention has been called to the contest between the two literary societies. By sending in your subscription to the society of which you were a member you might aid your society in securing this prize. If you are a Harrisonian send in your subscription and let it count for the Harrisonians. If you are an Eoline send in your subscription and thus help the Eolines.

ABOUT OUR GIRLS

There are some girls who have been in our school who for various reasons have never graduated. However, we are just as much interested in them as we are in the Alumnæ, so we shall not confine our notes to the Alumnæ, but from time to time shall give old friends opportunity to hear from these girls also.

Miss Janie Fennessee, who graduated in Expression last year, is continuing her studies in The Curry School of Expression in Boston. Another graduate of the Expression Department, Miss Kathryn Hutchison, is also in Boston attending the College of The Spoken Word. Old friends at V. I. wish them both a happy and prosperous year and great success in their chosen art.

Misses Beulah and Ethel May, who attended Virginia Institute for two years, are in school in Washington this winter.

Misses Pearl and Blanch Wilson, are spending the winter at their home in Mountain City, Tenn., keeping house for their father.

Miss Daphne Blackwell is teaching music in Columbia, Miss.

Miss Bonita McKnight is spending the winter at her home in Vicksburg, Miss.

Miss Ethel Anderson is in school in Washington.

Miss Lucile Curry, is also "enjoying life" at home in Lancaster.

All of her former schoolmates will be interested in hearing of the late marriage of Miss Bessie Lyle. Last October she met Mr. Fred Einstein, of Radford, Va. On the fourth of January they were secretly married. No one knew of the marriage until two weeks afterward. All Virginia Institute friends congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Einstein and wish them all happiness.

Since the leave-taking last May, two of our last year's students have "committed matrimony." Miss Hazel Courts was married last September to Mr. Charlie Quagmire, better known as "Charlie." Report comes that they are still living happily together, and we hope that it may always be so.

On the twelfth of last November, Miss Constance Huntley was married to Mr. Julian Allen. THE PENNANT wishes them all happiness.

Miss Myrta Anderson, after spending last year in Washington at Madison Hall, is now at her home in Lancaster, Texas.

Jokes

Irma H. to Louise—"Well, there is one thing certain and sure, if I don't go down to dinner, I bet I will stay up alright; nobody will say anything, either—I dare them to."

Nannie W.—"You know I did that altogether 'inconscientiously;' I did not think how people would look at it."

Lena M.—"I don't want leap year to ever come again while I am in school. Just think of having thirty-one days in February this year! Gee, we will never get home."

Nell M.—"I want to order a pretty new song. What must I get, Bye?"

Bye—"Oh, get 'Celeste;' it is just perfectly beautiful."

Nell—"Well, how do you spell that crazy name?"

Bye—"Oh, I don't know; but just like you spell Celeste, I guess—yes, that's it."

Louise—"Well, I'll be Johnny! This girl's picture sure is like you, Virg."

Virgie—"Let's see it—she certainly is a 'darling,' isn't she?"

Inez Dufford says that she will always second an "emotion" to adjourn.

Prof. P. (while buttering a hot roll at breakfast)—"Pass the syrup, please, while I am getting ready for the molasses."

Dr. Henderson (in Ethics class)—"Miss Ruth, you know we are given the ten commandments in Genesis, but can you say that this is the basis of all moral law?"

Ruth B.—"Well, I didn't know we had any in Genesis—I remember those in Exodus."

Miss Hooker (in English class)—"Where was Shakespeare buried?"

A Senior (very confidently)—"In Westminster Abbey."

Sudie L. (at 8 o'clock in the morning)—"Come, Miss Spigener, and look at the beautiful sunset; it is simply gorgeous!"

Hattie L.—"They are going to have a play; Miss Spigener has already begun to work it up!"

L.—"Yes, she is going to give 'The Tempest' this year."

Hattie—"Well, who wrote *that;* it must be a late one. I never heard of it before."

Miss Hooker (in English class)—"How many cases have we in the modern English noun?"

Katie L.—"Five."

Then, hearing a laugh from the other members of the class, she hastily added: "No, Miss Hooker, I didn't mean that—of course not; why, everybody knows there are only four cases. Pshaw! I didn't catch your question at first."

Fan Womack, on being asked to mention some nouns which add *es* to form their plural, suggested *skate*, *horse* and *house*. (Perhaps she is adopting the new Roosevelt spelling.)

One of the girls, on going in to buy some oysters, said: "Please let me have forty cents' worth."

Rebecca Mills (taking the money)—"Well, let's see; that will be a dozen's worth for twenty-five cents, and then six more * * * I'll just give you twenty oysters anyway, whether that is right or not; I can't say, is it?"

Carrie Lee was asked to play some waltz, and when she had finished some one asked her what piece she had given. Answering quickly, she said: "Oh, that was one of Chopin's waltzes by Chopin."

Fan W.—Bye, who was the man that climbed the tree in the Bible? I just can't remember the name."

Bye (hesitatingly)—"I'll be Joe Jimmy if I know. Was it Moses or Jonah?"

Miss Tompkins—"Where is this purgatory, Miss Surface, about which we have been speaking?"

Mary—"In the northern part of Africa, isn't it?"

Miss H.—"Where are the Canary Islands, Miss Matthews?"

Zirleta—"Off the coast of San Francisco, aren't they? If not, there is some island there, I know."

Elizabeth McChesney wants to know whether jealousy is or is not a righteous feeling. Can anyone supply the rival's name?

Bess Johnson says that recently she has had a young friend called to the "minister," and he is going to make a fine preacher, too.

Hattie L.—"They had no reason to put that joke in THE PENNANT on me, about Paderewski. Why, I never even heard of the man!"

Gene Stokes (spreading butter on her bread at luncheon)—"Lawsy, but this butter sure is a whole lot better than it was last year."

Aimee (very calmly and slowly)—"Well, I was sitting here wondering how old this butter might be; I never dreamed it was that ancient, though."

M. C. Hardwick—"Lidie, did you know that Robert E. Lee is coming to Bristol to lecture? You know, I thought he was dead, but I don't guess so, for look at this circular: 'Address, Robert E. Lee.'"

Rebecca (in Grecian History class)—"Who was Demosthenes?"

Becky—"A most celebrated manufacturer of Greece, I think; yes, I am sure he was."

Wanted by Eugenia Stokes—A Spencerian pen (termed by her "an indelible pen point").

Catharine Brabson came running into the lady principal's room last Sunday evening during the storm and said; "Oh, Mrs. Murrel, I am scared pea-green; I do believe judgment day is coming to an end!"

Bye—"I don't like George Eliot's books, do you? *He* goes into detail too everlastingly much to suit me."

Lou W.—"Mrs. Fowler says she will never be able to teach me 'systematic' at all."

Nell Sparks—"Will you have a biscuit, Vinita?"

Vinita—"No; but don't 'insinuate' on it, though, for I'm hungry as a bear."

Eda M.—"Listen, foolish ; I smell 'somebody' cooking ham!"
Irma—"Maybe it's the ham that has such a delightful odor."

Virgie—"Oh, Aline, you ought to see my brother ; he is so grand looking, but a perfect blonde ; he has great big grayish blue eyes, real dash, and coal black hair."

First Girl—"Whose picture is that ? "
Second Girl—"Why, that is my little nephew."
First Girl—"She certainly is too cute. Aren't you crazy for her to get about five years old."

"She is the biggest 'natural' I ever saw ! "
Inez D.—"I don't need any 'testification' to that, honey; I know it."

Eugenia says that Miss McGhee was 'cablegrammed' to from London by her friend that he was coming over in January.

"I'd like to see that young Japanese prince."
"A Japanese prince ! Where is he ? "
"Oh, he's traveling incognito."
"Is he ? I'm so dreadfully weak about geographical names. That's in Manchuria, isn't it ?"—Chums.

On a recent physical geography examination, the following question was asked: "From what direction do most of our rains come ? "
The answer given on one paper was: "Most of them come straight down, but some come sideways or slanting."

Mr. Jones asked one of the V. I. girls to play for him. She answered, "Well, what shall it be ? What do you like best ? "
Mr. J.—"Oh, just anything ; I am so fond of the Flower Song, though ! Would you play and 'sing' that for me ? "

"Carrie Lee, who wrote that book of which you are always talking—that book of Beethoven, as you call it ? Did you, or who did ? "

One of the girls says that she doesn't get so homesick till about 'dust,' then she wants to go home so badly.

Professional Cards

Dr. H. F. Henderson

Dentist

INTERSTATE BUILDING
BRISTOL, TENN.-VA.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 6 P. M.
NEW PHONE 555

Dr. A. L. Dykes

Osteopathic Physician

OFFICE: INTERSTATE BUILDING
BRISTOL, TENN.-VA.

Dr. J. T. McIntire

Dentist

Residence Phone, 816 Office Phone, 827
OFFICE: 418 STATE STREET
BRISTOL, TENN.

S. B. Brown, D. D. S.

INTERSTATE BUILDING
Room 39

BRISTOL, TENN.-VA.

The H. P. King Company

Department Store

620-624 STATE STREET
BRISTOL, TENNESSEE-VIRGINIA
VISIT THIS GREAT DEPARTMENT STORE

Delicious

Refreshing

THE MOST REFRESHING DRINK IN THE WORLD

Coca-Cola

At all Grocers, Cafes and Stands
5c. a Bottle

Dixie Bottling Works

BOTTLERS OF HIGH GRADE

SODAS, SELTZER
AND GINGER ALE

Washington and Buford Streets

BRISTOL VIRGINIA-TENNESSEE

Adams Bros. Company, Inc.

COAL AND WOOD

Building Material of all Kinds

Yard and Office: COMMONWEALTH AVENUE

USE

"Golden Eagle"

FLOUR

Greetings to V. I. Students

... from ...

COTRELL & LEONARD

ALBANY, N. Y.

Makers of CAPS and GOWNS

To the American Colleges, Universities and Advanced Schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific

Class Contracts a Specialty Correct Hoods for Degrees

Rich Gowns for Pulpit and Bench

The King Printing Company

Printing, Ruling, Binding
Blank Book Manufacturing

We can give you as good service in any class of printing as you can get anywhere. We can give you printing that is distinctive, that commands a second glance—printing that gets itself read. We charge what the work is worth—no more, no less.

We Keep Moving

Our stock by underselling all competitors in

Dimond Rings, Pins, Brooches

and other articles of jewelry. Our reputation for fine goods, low prices and honorable dealings, does the business for us. And we endeavor to live up to our name. Always carry a large, complete and elegant stock. Every article warranted as represented. Repairing a specialty :: :: ::

J. H. THOMAS, *Jeweler*

DR. J. M. KING

Resident Dentist

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Somnoform

OFFICE, KING BLOCK SIXTH STREET
BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

Nat. T. Dulaney, M. D.

Specialist

TREATS EYE DISEASES AND EXAMINES EYES FOR GLASSES

SIXTH STREET
BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

FAUCETTE COMPANY

(Incorporated)

Wholesale Grocers

AGENTS FOR

Lennox Chocolates, Necco Sweets, Williams Bros. Pickles and Preserves and Waldorf Baked Beans

BRISTOL, VA.-TENN.

C. C. MINOR

DRUGGIST

GOOD ASSORTMENT DRUGS
CHOICE TOILET ARTICLES
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED

New Phone, 24; Old, 75

413 STATE STREET VIRGINIA SIDE

Farmers Protective Union

"The One-price Store"

Dry Goods. Notions and Shoes

(Eight Stores in Virginia and Tennessee)

MOORE BROTHERS

The Up-to-date Clothiers

BRISTOL, VA.-TENN.

We sell Clothes of Character only. Best line of Fancy Furnishing Goods in the city. Christmas Presents for your Brother, Father, or Sweetheart

521 STATE STREET

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW

That we are the exclusive Selling Agents in this vicinity for

Rexall Remedies

The medicines with a definite aim, one for every human ill each one guaranteed by us to effect a perfect cure or we refund your money.

Tested, Tried and True

Is the service we give you throughout our store

COLBERT'S DRUG STORE Sixth Street Corner

Dosser Brothers

Bristol's Fastest Growing Store

Everything in Ladies' Ready-to-wear Garments, Dress Goods, Silks, White Goods Millinery, Notions, Corsets, Table Linens, Laces, Embroideries, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Perfumery, Cut Glass, Etc.

A VISIT WILL BE APPRECIATED

If you can't come, write. You receive the same attention by mail as you do in our store. Our Mail Order Department is the finest in the city.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

D. S. SIMPSON, Pres. C. L. BOWERS, Gen. Mgr.

The D. S. Simpson Floral Co.

INCORPORATED

Cut Flowers, Potted Plants and Designs

Office and Conservatory
No. 114 Pennsylvania Avenue
BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

Hotel Hamilton

1876

NEW ANNEX 1902

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES

W. P. HAMILTON, PROPR.

BRISTOL, VIRGINIA

The F. T. Blanchard Company

Stationery, School Books, School Supplies, and Souvenirs of Virginia Institute

Cor. Moore and Cumberland Streets, BRISTOL, VA.-TENN.

FURNITURE—Wholesale and Retail

A. S. McNeil & Son

We have one of the most complete lines ever shown in Southwest Virginia or East Tennessee

Furniture for the Virginia Institute; for Sullins College; for Hotel Hamilton; for Hotel St. Lawrence, was furnished by us, "Parlor to Kitchen." Oldest furniture firm in Bristol. Mail orders promptly attended to.

BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

C. L. KIDD, Prest. and Treas. | WM. J. FICKLE, Vice-Prest. and Genl. Mgr. | D. B. MULLINS, Secretar

VIRGINIA-TENNESSEE
HARDWARE COMPANY

Jobbers and Manufacturers' Agents

506-508-510 State St. BRISTOL, TENN.

J. A. CARR SHOE COMPANY

CORRECT SHOES

For COLLEGE GIRLS

516 STATE STREET BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

PERFECTION IN CARRIAGES

has been nearest reached in those we offer for your inspection. The more closely you examine them the more apparent their good points. But you'll not fully appreciate them until you own one and see how beautifully it stands hard service. That is where they excel all others.

BROWN BROTHERS

BRISTOL, VA.

Carmack Shoe Co.

514 State Street BRISTOL, TENN.

Carry the Best

We feel that it will be to your advantage as well as ours to see our line of

SPRING SHOES and OXFORDS

You can depend upon our shoes being exactly what they are represented to be.

If you want Fine

Photographs

GO TO

Hodges' Art Gallery

529 State Street

BRISTOL, VA.-TENN.

BOY'S

Photographic Studio

407½ State Street

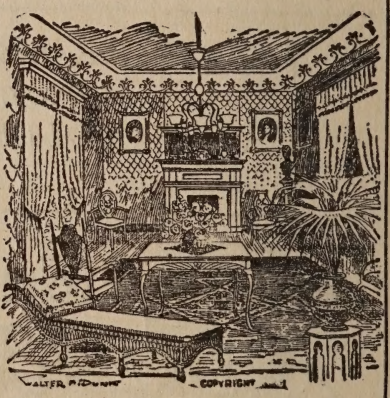
BRISTOL, VA.-TENN.

Established 1890

Dr. Edward T. Jones

DENTIST

STATE AND LEE STREETS



DOOLEY-BAYLESS-BRAMM CO.

Appreciate the trade of Virginia Institute Pupils and Faculty

OUR LINE IS THE FINEST

Furniture, Carpets, Shades, Curtains and General House Furnishing

STATE ST., (Opposite Methodist Church)

Fine Stationery *Fine Perfumes*

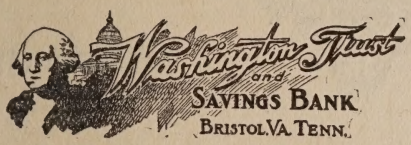
THE OWL DRUG CO.

W. C. RESER, Proprietor

STATE AND MOORE STS., VA. SIDE

We carry everything found in a High-class Pharmacy

Delicious Soda and Fine Cigars



A. P. Moore, President
J. D. Mitchell, Vice-President
R. B. Embree, Vice-President
H. R. Shipley, Cashier
W. I. Copenhaver, Asst. Cashier

CAPITAL PAID IN $50,000.00

Accounts of Teachers, Students, and Professional Men Solicited. 4 per cent. interest paid on Savings Deposits. Special attention to deposits by mail.

THE PITZER DEP'T STORE

(Under New Management)

For fifteen years the leading Dry Goods Store of Bristol, Va.-Tenn.
And still the Big Store of Little Prices

. . EVERYTHING IN . .

Dry Goods, Suits, Millinery, Shoes and Carpets

We are agents for McCall Patterns and Thompson's "Glove Fitting Corset"

635 to 643 State Street BRISTOL, VA.-TENN.

J. H. SWAN C. K. SWAN

J. H. SWAN & SON

Wall Paper and Paints, Painting and Decorating

FULL LINE OF PAINTER'S SUPPLIES

JAP-A-LAC
Johnsons Floor Wax
Varnishes and
Varnish Stains

Interior Decorations
and Room Moulding

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Semi-Paste STAG Paint

New Phone 235 *BRISTOL, TENNESSEE*

Eastman's Kodaks Huyler's Candies

BUNTING & SON

Druggists

Art Material Stationery

418-420 State Street Both Phones 48

"Bunting Fills Prescriptions"

THE GREEN COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

5 and 10 cent Store

A General Line of House Furnishing Goods, Toys, Dolls, Etc.

617 State Street NEW PHONE 892

Bristol, Va.-Tenn.

WE have just opened and have on display the largest and most complete line of

HOLIDAY GOODS

that has ever before been introduced in this city. We will be pleased to meet and acquaint ourselves with visiting friends, and take pleasure in showing them around our beautiful and well stocked store. Come and MEET YOUR FRIENDS and make our store your resting place. Yours for service and courtesy.

THE GREEN CO., Inc.

N. D. BACHMAN, President
S. V. FULKERSON, Vice-President
JNO. B. BAUMGARDNER, Cashier
J. A. CANNON, Asst. Cashier

CITIZENS BANK of BRISTOL

BRISTOL, TENN.-VA.

Capital, $100,000.00
Surplus, $22,500.00

DIRECTORS

A. T. SMALLING
C. C. ENGLISH
C. L. HEDRICK
J. C. ADAMS
J. T. HENDERSON
R. L. BLEVINS
C. E. ALLISON G. E. NICKELS
J. B. BAUMGARDNER
S. V. FULKERSON
J. W. HENINGER
E. K. BACHMAN
J. H. McCUE
N. D. BACHMAN

DOMINION NATIONAL BANK

BRISTOL, VA.-TENN.

YOUR BANKING BUSINESS INVITED

The Bank that Insures the Safety of your Deposits

ANDES & SCOTT

Real Estate, Rents, Loans, Investments

Office: Ground Floor, Interstate Bldg., Sixth Street, BRISTOL, VA.

THE KING
LE ROI
PRESS
PRINTING CO
BRISTOL TENN.

UNION LABEL